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In short its the sum of my wish and desire  
That cheerfulness ever my breast may  
inspire,  
Let my purse become light and my liquor  
run dry,  
So my stock of good humour held out till  
I die.

I have nothing to ask in the finishing scene,  
But a conscience approving, a bosom  
serene,  
To rise from Life's banquet, a satisfy'd  
guest,  
Thank the Lord of the feast, and in hope,  
go to rest.

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"I HAVE A HOME."

"I have a Home," delightful sound !  
It makes my heart with joy rebound,  
From Friendship's lips the words I hear,  
They reach my heart and centre there.

"I have a Home,"—some potent spell  
Must surely in the numbers dwell :  
Sweet as the music of the grove,  
And charming as the voice of Love.

"I have a Home," 'tis bliss to hear,  
For peace and comfort wait me here :  
Joys that oppression cannot know,  
Pleasures that leave no taint of woe.

"I have a Home" and dwell in peace,  
Each jarring thought has learned to cease,  
No discord vain my calm annoys,  
Or checks the current of my joys.

"I have a Home," no stranger there,  
With fraud or guile may interfere,  
No envious tongue create a sigh,  
Or there my privilege deny.

"I have a home," and round my head,  
Though many a storm its fury shed ;  
Yet oft this thought inspired relief,  
And checked an agony of grief.

"I have a Home," and there I know  
The raptures that from friendship flow :  
The smile serene, the converse kind,  
Which emanate from hearts refined.

"I have a Home," a sure retreat,  
A refuge from the storms of fate,  
An anchor when the waves beat high,  
A covert from a lowering sky.

"I have a Home," and there I see,  
A bounteous God provides for me ;  
I learn to feel for all who live,  
And know that it is blest "to give."

"I have a Home," and there secure,  
I think of many an houseless poor,  
Hence soft emotions grateful rise,  
Hence pity's tear bedews mine eyes.

"I have a Home," and oh ! my soul,  
When time shall yield his stern controul,  
When ages of eternal day  
Commence their never-ending sway

When all this transient scene is o'er,  
When sin misleads the heart no more,  
When even the purest joys below  
Shall cease to charm, shall cease to flow,  
Then 'midst thy awful wreck of fate  
Oh ! may my soul, serene, sedate,  
Unmoved, tho' rent the world's vast dome,  
Say, rapturous word ! "I have a Home."  
*Dublin.* M. C.

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THOUGHTS ON HAPPINESS.

STRANGE is the lot of weary, plodding  
man,  
As through the vale of life he holds his way,  
His joys are oft collected in a span,  
His griefs wide-spreading like the beams of  
day,

And could the great Jehovah then ordain,  
His fav'rite offspring thus to pine with  
care,

When brutes irrational content obtain,  
When wide creation smiles serenely fair,  
Hence impious thought ! benevolence  
supreme,

Did ne'er create an *atomy* for woe ;  
Then surely *man*, elate in mind and mien,  
Is formed each grand, each dear delight  
to know.

Yes, but so erring are our thoughtless  
hearts,  
So wasp-like, in their nature so perverse,  
That ev'ry flow'ry sweet which heav'n im-  
parts,

Is changed to poison, to a sad reverse.  
When spring and summer smile in lov-  
liest bloom.

We range delighted o'er th' enchanting  
plains ;

Where winter spreads around his awful  
gloom,

Our summer's pleasures form our win-  
ter's pains.

When youth and manhood drain en-  
joyment's bowl,

With health, content, and gaiety we roam,  
When chilling age imposes stiff controul,  
Our early pleasures wake the pensive  
moan.

When gen'rous friendship warms th'  
expanded breast,  
Delights unknown to selfish souls we find,  
Should "perfidy ingrate" should death  
infest,

Our past enjoyments agonize the mind.

O Mary ! short and blissful was the hour,  
When first thy graces thrilled my leaping  
heart ;

Too soon we parted, but alas ! thy power  
I could not leave, so witching is thy art.

Again I saw, rejoiced, and loved the  
more,

Worth bound the noose which beauty had  
prepared ;

Now far from thee, I sigh, I doubt, adore,  
My days my nights, with anxious sorrow  
shar'd.

Thus still we strive to thwart Heaven's  
kind intents,  
By changing joys which ought to temper woe  
Into a gloomy source of discontent,  
Whence half our griefs (ideal miseries) flow.  
Oh! could we learn to reason and be wise,  
To taste life's sweets where sov'reign virtue reigns,

And all its little meaner cares despise,  
'T would gently free us from a host of pains!

Then should we laugh, when fortune  
seem'd to frown,  
Joyful to think upon her former smiles,  
And ev'ry fear and anxious whisper drown  
With songs to hope, who many a woe be-  
guiles. M.

July 15, 1809,

#### STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON HEARING MISS A\*\*\* PERFORM-  
ING ON THE PIANO FORTE, AND SINGING.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?  
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn.

BEATTIE,  
WHAT ravishing sounds do I hear,  
Which float on the still breeze of night,

Which bid all my woes disappear,  
And soothe me to dreams of delight?

Some Angel descends from on high,  
The spirit of Rapture to wake;  
To stifle pale misery's sigh,  
And bid sorrows heart cease to ache.

Or, is it the orphean lyre;  
So fabled by Poets of yore?  
Which rocks could with motion inspire,  
And lost animation restore.

Ah no! 'tis ELIZA's white hand,  
Directing the sweet-sounding strings;  
Each heart must with rapture expand—  
But hark! with what magic she sings!

That voice might beguile from it's pain,  
The heart long abandon'd to care;  
Might charm meagre Want's joyless train,  
And even speak peace to Despair.

How oft with ineffable joy,  
I've heard the wild choristers sing!  
When perch'd on their branches so high,  
They welcom'd the life-giving spring.

But now, they delight me no more,  
No pleasure their songs can impart:  
For only ELIZA can pour,  
The music which thrills at my heart.  
Dunover, July 10. GAELUS.

#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*Description of the Basso Relievo, in the grand Pediment of the Colonnade of the Louvre at Paris: from a French Journal.*

THIS is one of the largest pieces of sculpture known, being above 78 feet long, and 16 high, exclusive of the cornices. It represents the muses celebrating the glory of the hero, the protector of the arts, to whom they are indebted for the finishing of the Louvre, desired in vain by them, by the nation, and by ten kings, during more than three centuries.

A colossal bust of the emperor occupies the superior part of the pediment. The bust stands on a cippus, at the foot of which is seated victory, holding palm branches and crowns of laurel. On each side are the muses, being arranged in two groups. Minerva is inviting them to celebrate this new benefit, this new title to glory.—They are near ten feet high.

On the left (of the spectator) Clio is inscribing on the cippus, with the style of history, the name of the sovereign, that has finished the Louvre.

Behind her Melpomene and Calliope, hand in hand, appear to participate in the action of Clio; while Polyhymnia, wrapped in her cloak in the ancient mode, meditates on this happy event; and Urania, with a celestial globe placed on her knees, points to the constellation of the lion, under which the Emperor was born. On the right Minerva turned toward the other group, is standing like the muse of history on one of the steps of the cippus. Terpsichore and Euterpe obey the goddess by singing hymns of gratitude and admiration; while Erato inspired by love, accompanies them with the lyre, and Thalia listens with emotion.

It was not easy to place figures connected with the principal action in the opposite angles of the pediment. These are occupied by two genii, one holding a caduceus, the other a torch, and in the other hand a garland of fruit and laurel, with which they appear desirous of decorating the monument. This kind of embellishment assorts with what Goujon and his successors employed in the interior of the court of the Louvre.